

The freeman's love, the bigot's hate;
Alban's great exalted name.

What ill could Pagan hate ordain,
If religion stood by thee,
Fire, torture, death were all—all vain:
Death was Alban's victory.

Oh! to think on thy noble deed,
Stirs the spirit of the free!
For freedom is the martyr's creed;
Religion is no slavery.

No tyrant's power can pass the grave,
Alban passed the Vere dry-shod,
To liberty a tyrant gave,
To be free with freedom's God!

Oh! Britain how could'st thou forget,
How spoil *his* sacred pile,
The first bright star in blood that set,
Of free conscience on thine Isle!

'Twas not devotion led on those,
Or a zeal for purer rites,
Who would not let his bones repose,
When they quenched his altar lights.

Oh! rather had those gifts not been,
And the voice of bounty hush'd;
Than, that his altar should be seen,
Thus with wealth together crush'd.